MENDING BROKEN TONES

Wielders of a Wrench Which Corrects Vagaries of Pianos.

QUEER PHASES OF THE WORK

Tricks by Which the Piano Tuner Flatters the Vanity of Pianists That He May Be Favorably Reported and Other Queer Features of the Trade.

Besides a thorough knowledge of his business, the piano-tuner must know one thing, that is how to maintain his composure and not make a display of his temper. If he does the latter he is sure to be asked to leave, and he will find that a note has preceded him to the music store he represents demanding his immediate dismissal.

That is the reason that after an expert piano-tuner, who has put an instrument in perfect condition, will always ask the owner of the instrument if it sounds all right. The owner will not know in nine chances out of ten, but the flattering remark will go a long way toward paving with flowers the reception that the tuner will receive when he returns. In about half the cases where the tuner asks the question, the owner will be able to discover a little discord in one or more keys. That is, the owner will think he or she, generally the latter, has made such a discovery.

Then the politic tuner will say, "Certainly, ma'am, you're quite right," and he will block a little to think the matter should have escaped his notice. He will then go to his tool chest and take a wrench and tighten the nut at the end of the screw, as it will appear, if the note is too low and loosen it if the note is too high.

At each turn of the wrench he will tap the key and say as though consulting a Master.

"How's that?"

The arrest of the piano will tell him to increase or loosen the tension as the case may require to her ear, and he will again run away at the regulating top. Finally the owner will be so confused that she will say:

"Well, I really don't know any longer, but I think that is about the key," and then the artful piano tuner will agree with her precisely.

And all the time he didn't change the position of the cord one particle.

It would not have done, however, for him to argue with the possessor of the instrument. Had he done so she would have sent a note to the music store, calling him impudent.

EVERY THREE MONTHS.

Piano tuners all say that to keep an instrument in first-class condition it should be tuned once every three months. About one-fourth of the owners of pianos who live in the urban districts observe this rule. In the country, where it is only the strolling tuner that comes around, the frequency with which the instruments are tuned is much smaller.

A few people who use their pianos continually have the instruments tuned each month. Of course, there is not much to do in those cases and the machine of music is kept in tip-top condition.

Whether the piano is in or out of use it should receive about four overhaulings a year, though, the experts say. The number of pianos that are in even approximately perfect tune can be guessed then when it is known that a majority of those sold are in the hands of the tuner only once a year. Some tuners relate experiences of attempting to get pianos in a music making order where the interior of them has not been touched for ten years. In those cases the only successful way to bring the instrument around is to tune it three or four times, they say.

A good day's work for a piano tuner is four instruments. Tuning is a profession that is wearing upon its devotee, because of the concentration of thought and energies he is compelled to give to his subject. It is wearing because the tuner has to listen insistently. The "same pianos are as cranky as some people," they say, and they absolutely refuse to get or stay in tune.

Another thing, the expert tuner is made and not taught. There are now musical conservatories where piano tuning is taught along with other things, and a fully-fledged tuner, who has also been studying a lot of other things, is turned out in three months from his beginning. The pupils are taught by tuning and untuning old pianos in the conservatory, but it is claimed that when any of the instruments are wanted for public or display use the professors always send for a tuner from some of the large instrument stores.

The tuners in the big stores are always men who have served not less than three years in the factory and who have done nothing but tune pianos. There are consequently not more than a dozen tuners in Washington.

QUEER FEATURES.

"In our business we frequently meet with many of the queer eccentricities of life," said a piano tuner to The Times reporter. "You find people both hard and easy to suit. Ordinarily, the owner of the instrument will pretend anyhow that the tuner knows his business and will leave him alone. Others will not.

"Because of the house I am connected with my calling takes me principally in the wealthy homes, where they have the nicest pianos. A few months ago I went into an elegant house, the owner of which everybody knows as a man in public life. The mistress of the house wanted me to take off my shoes before crossing the mirror-like ballroom floor. She must have thought I wore spikes or cobblestones on the bottom of my shoes. I refused to take them off, but insisted on her having rugs spread about the room.

"At another place they left a servant in the room to watch me to see that I didn't carry away any of the bric-a-brac or perhaps the piano itself. I overheard the lady of the house call down stairs to the servant to sit in the parlor and watch me.

"But there are frauds in the business, and people become apprehensive because of them. Not very long ago some fellow went to a house and represented that he came from our store. He tried to tune the piano and found that he couldn't. He collected $2 and went away, taking the pedal frame with him on the pretext that it needed fixing. Some days afterward we heard from the piano owner, who stated the facts I have related, and asked why we did not return the pedals. Of course, the man was never heard from."

STRANGE DISCOVERIES.

The piano men very often have strange tales to tell of the finds they make in pianos. It is the most common thing in the world they say, to find articles the children have dropped in them, the category taking in everything from a marble to a rag doll. Moths, too, are great enemies of the instruments.

The most curious find, however, is that reported by the piano tuner of one of the most prominent piano stores in the city. He was cleaning the piano of a music teacher and when he removed the keyboard he found immediately beneath it a mouse nest with seven young live mice in it. The nest had been made by bits of felt and flannel torn from the deadening boards of the instrument and from scraps of music brought from the music rack.

Uncle Sam has an official piano tuner. His name is Mr. E. Clayton Hall and he is in the employe of Knabe & Company at their store in this city. Mr. Hall goes once a month to the White House and looks after the great grand piano that was bought by the United States when President Arthur was in the Executive Mansion. The instrument is used at the White House receptions, when any notables are present who are considered musical enough to play it.

It is the custom of many great pianists when they tour the country to take a tuner along with them. Mr. Hall accompanied both D'Albert and Stavenhagen when the two great musicians made tours of this country.

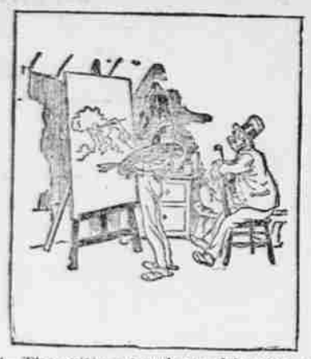
"Each man always carried his own piano with him," said Mr. Hall, "and before every concert I would always see that it was in tune. They can't change instruments, for they get used to the touch more than the tone.

"Both of these gentlemen were very easy to please and nice to travel with. D'Albert was a vegetarian, and he also never wore anything but woolen clothes and unboiled shirts. He always carried his own bedding around with him, too."

Low Rates to G. A. R. National Encampment, via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Louisville, Ky., the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell September 7 to 10 inclusive, good to return until October 6, round-trip tickets Washington to Louisville, Ky., and return, at rate of $13.25.

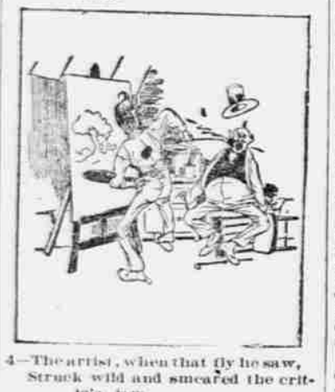
THE ARTIST, CRITIC AND FLY.



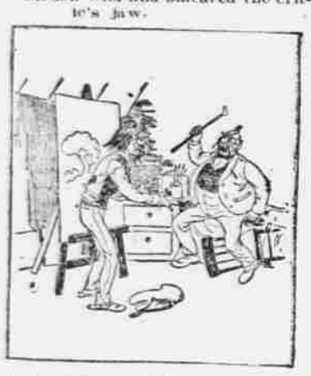
1—The critic sat and gazed in awe, "The sweetest thing I ever saw."

2—The artist thought, "I'll raise the price;
But darn that fly, he's been back twice."

3—The critic said, "That silvery tone
Would make the picture great alone."



4—The artist, when that fly he saw,
Struck wild and smeared the critic's jaw.



5—And what availeth all excuse
That critic's hottest wrath breaks loose.

6—And, breaking things, he doth depart,
And sayeth he could not paint a cart.

UNCLE SAM'S FLOWERS

His Beautiful Blooms Grown in Many Greenhouses.

NOT ENOUGH FOR DEMAND

Wagonloads Used at Each State Dinner—Congressmen During the Winter Use All They Can Get—Cost of Keeping Up the Green Breathing Spots in the National City.

The beauty of Washington parks and reservations during the summer, when they are fairly ablaze with flowers and the trim, well-kept appearance in winter, is a sight to which people have for so long been accustomed that they rarely, if ever, give a thought to all the amount of care and labor necessary to produce this perfection and high state of cultivation.

No city of the Union can boast of more perfectly kept parks than Washington. While several of the large parks of Chicago have within the last few years taken the lead in the matter of ornamental gardening, Washington, with its multiplicity of green, flower-decked breathing spaces, can compare more than favorably with any city in America in the matter of uniform attention expended by the most skilled florists employed by the Government for the care and protection of these cool, well-shaded retreats.

Congress is extremely parsimonious in the matter of appropriations, at the present time the amount being little in excess of that allowed for the same purpose years ago, when there were less than half the number of reservations laid out and under cultivation. The frequent appeals to have a change made in this respect has so far met with the most discouraging results, so that the patience of those most nearly interested in the matter would seem to be well-nigh worn out.

The clause of the sundry civil bill, that has special reference to this matter, provides for the improvement of the grounds north and south of the Executive Mansion, $5,000. This sum is annually expended by the officer in charge of public buildings and grounds, and who has the power to authorize the use of a portion of the ground within the circle back of the Executive Mansion for a children's playground, under regulations prescribed by him.

COL. WILSON IN CHARGE.

Col. John M. Wilson is, as everybody in Washington knows, the officer in charge of the public buildings and grounds. This same duty was so well discharged by Col. Wilson during the first Cleveland administration, that the President, when he returned, somewhat over two years ago, to make his residence in the White House, only too gladly availed himself of the opportunity to again secure Col. Wilson's services in this respect, even at the expense of the sacrifice of the good that Col. Wilson was accomplishing at West Point.

Whenever an improvement or the slightest alteration is planned for any of the Washington parks and reservations, the matter has to be submitted to Col. Wilson for his approval. Personally, Col. Wilson is fond of flowers, and so takes an especial interest in the matter entirely outside of the discharge of his official duties in respect thereto.

During the summer he has the disposal of all the multitudinous blossoms that make the air around the Government Propagating Gardens sweet to passers-by and dwellers in that neighborhood. These flowers are cut each week and regularly sent out to people in every section of the city, under Col. Wilson's orders, so that the stay-at-homes of his immense list of friends are benefited thus in the most fragrant manner.

In the winter such flowers as are left over from what is necessary to decorate the East room of the White House on occasions of state dinners and receptions are furnished upon application to members of Congress. The demand in this respect is always greater by far than the possibility of the supply. The flowers used on the table at state dinners are those grown in the greenhouses attached to the Executive Mansion. As this supply is rarely if ever equal to the requirements, the remaining supply is purchased from various florists throughout the city.

MANY FLOWERS NEEDED.

Some idea of the immense amount of cut flowers necessary to be grown for a single state dinner, in the matter of banking the mantels in the East room, can be obtained when it is known that the two large mantels on the east side of the East room alone require one immense Government wagon-load of blossoms. This is entirely independent of the ferns, grasses and foliage plants that are used for a setting to the gorgeous mass of bloom. A little state secret not generally known is in regard to the ultimate fate of these blossoms. The morning after the state dinners they are carefully removed and carried back to the government propogating gardens, where the wilted or broken ones are removed, and the remainder made up into baskets and bouquets, which are sent out to Congressmen.

The regular supply of flowers sent to Congressmen, however, is not from the propagating gardens, but from the Botanical Gardens, which is under the charge of the Congressional committee of the Congressional Library. The flowers and plants at the Botanical Gardens are never used in the decoration of the parks and reservations. They are distinctively for the delectation of Congressmen and the corporation is therefore regarded by outsiders as a very close one.

Mr. George H. Brown is in charge of the propagating gardens, which, by the way, lie just south of the monument grounds and form a most interesting place for visitors. Mr. Brown has been in charge of the propagating gardens for the past quarter of a century, and ranks as one of the leading horticulturists, florists, and landscape gardeners in the country. Few persons are aware that in order to become a landscape gardener it is necessary to study and graduate in the science of civil engineering. Without this knowledge no one, however skilled as a florist or horticulturist, would be capable to undertake the duties of a landscape gardener.

SOMETHING ABOUT GARDENERS.

In England a practical horticulturist must serve and apprenticeship of seven years before he becomes a journeyman. His studies must include not only botany, but all the kindred sciences, so that it is in truth one of the most difficult professions to excel in, as well as one of the rarest in which men of the present time attain to note. The landscape gardeners of any prominence in the United States are nearly all at the head of large and flourishing establishments. For the most part their services have been gladly secured by the government.

Mr. George Brown has done more than any other man in Washington to bring about the present state of almost perfection in the laying out and care of the parks of the city. His name is rarely seen in print and quite as rarely spoken of in this connection, but the truth is nevertheless the same, that it is due to him that Washington is at present able to be proud of its parks and reservations. He has made a life study of his arduous work, and during the years he has been in charge of the propagating gardens has expended quite a small fortune in the accumulation of what is now one of the most valuable libraries in the country.

There are 301 reservations in the city, and of these 160 are planted with flowers. In the others it is the work of the propagating gardens to attend to the trees, shrubbery, the laying out and making of the walks, and in the majority having the grass cut. These 160 parks under a high state of cultivation are, for the greater part, in the western portion of the city, as that is the most densely populated.

In Georgetown there is but one park, and this is of the most diminutive dimensions. Small as it is, however, it is literally impossible to keep in order on account of the large number of children in that vicinity whose every effort seems directed towards its annihilation. This is the small triangular place in the immediate vicinity of Bridge Street Bridge. There is not a sufficient fund to permit of the hiring and detailing a special watchman, as in the case of some of the larger parks.

THIRTY MEN EMPLOYED.

To keep in order this immense number of parks and reservations and keep up the never-ending work at the propagating gardens thirty men are employed. This number in summer is raised to one hundred and sometimes one hundred and fifty, according to the number of improvements and alterations planned for that special season. The pay for these men must all come out of the appropriations made for the parks. In the winter time this regular force of thirty skilled gardeners is kept busy attending to the work in the greenhouses and keeping the same in order.

For several of the parks there is a special appropriation provided. These are the grounds of the Executive Mansion, Lafayette Park, Lincoln Park and Franklin Park. In each case the appropriation, with the exception of the Executive Mansion grounds, which has been already stated, is $1,000. For the care and improvement of the Monument grounds $3,000 is allowed.

The plants most generally used in planting the flower beds are chiefly geraniums, coleus, begonias, fuschias, vinca or Chinese periwinkle, of which from 10,000 to 12,000 are used; salvias, carnations, alternanthera; so named from the resemblance to alternate antlers; cannas, or Indian shot, named from the resemblance of the seed to hard shot. To this list may be added a vast quantity of variegated showy-leaved croton plants, the foliage plants of different variety and palms ad libitum.

During the summer, when the plants are growing finely, a large force of the men employed is kept busy digging about the plants and loosening the earth, so that the greatest perfection of cultivation may be secured.

TAKEN UP IN OCTOBER.

In October the sensitive plants, such as palms, ferns, crotons, roses and tropical growths, are all carefully removed from the parks and returned to the propagating gardens, to be housed for the winter. Cuttings are then made from the colius and soft-wooded plants to provide for the supply of the following summer. The great bulk of all the soft-wooded plants, which include a very large proportion of geraniums, are then carefully heaped in the parks, and can be secured by any one who so desires to lay in a wholesale or retail supply of household plants for the winter at no cost other than that of potting them. The watchmen in the various parks are instructed to allow any one who wishes to have as many plants as are desired.

The flower beds are then put in order again and immediately planted with chrysanthemums. Beneath the chrysanthemums, carefully hidden away out of sight, at the same time are planted an army of bulbs, such as hyacinths, tulips, crocuses and lilies. These bulbs are those that have flowered in the propagating gardens the previous winter. In order to make a satisfactory planting in this respect, so that the flower beds will blossom into beauty early in the spring, no less than 250,000 bulbs are required. This supply is constantly in need of reinforcement and for that purpose the services of Holland, the greatest bulb growing country in the world, are called into requisition.

During Gen. Grant's Administration the Executive Mansion grounds were first planted with flower beds. Prior to that time there had been but one or two greenhouses, maintained by the Government, and in these the flowers and plants were entirely monopolized by the Senatorial contingent.

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

To the list of special appropriations already cited should be added that of the Smithsonian grounds, as the sum of $2,500 is allowed by Congress for this purpose. Of the same sum specified for use on Judiciary Square, the greater portion is used in asphalting the walks and laying out new walks.

An interesting fact of which even the people of Washington are for the greater part entirely ignorant, is that every year in October there is one of the finest displays of chrysanthemums to be seen anywhere in America, held at the propagating gardens. The chrysanthemum show is free to all and as the finest specimens of this flower is secured from every quarter of the globe in which it is grown, the display made by the United States government each October is well worthy a visit from all persons interested in such matters.

Another interesting matter in connection with the United States propagating gardens is that it is in possession of a white elephant. This is in the shape of an immense palm, the only one of the kind that has ever been brought to this country. It has grown far beyond the dimensions of its present quarters, and in order to move it as will be done this autumn, a considerable portion of the flower benches and interior woodwork of the greenhouse will have to be cut away. When first put in it was a small, sickly plant, but has prospered far beyond the wildest expectations of those having it in charge and is at present a truly splendid specimen.

It is dubbed the White Elephant, by reason of the fact that while it is now decidedly in the way, it cannot be either given away or sold. It is the property of the United States government and when a recent offer of $500 was made for it by one of the Vanderbilts it was found that much as it was desired to have the immense palm removed, it could not be disposed of except by a special act of Congress.

GLORIANA GADABOUT.

ILLUSTRATED SUMMER WEARING APPAREL.

"Duck Suits."

LISTENS TO TALES OF WOE

Pathos at a Discount in the Warrant Clerk's Office.

ADJUSTS MANY DIFFICULTIES

Some of the Peculiar Cases Which Come Before Him—One Man Didn't Know His Wife's Name—One German Wanted Permission to Kill His Own Dog—Tickets for a Hanging.

In the long room in the rear of the dingy old police court building, where the clerk and his assistants perform the greater part of their duties, is a corner toward which all great and humble citizens who have grievances and tales of woe to tell, direct their steps. At a desk behind the counter sits Mr. George M. Washburn, the warrant clerk, and day after day he listens to stories, humorous, pathetic and often absurd, and makes out the longed-for papers which are to secure to the applicants satisfaction or revenge.

Even the average citizen hasn't a very clear conception of the laws as they are made, and when it comes to the ignorant classes, who take up the greater amount of the warrant clerk's time, their conceptions of Blackstone and Commissioner Truesdell's police regulations are something awful. The office is almost as much of a bureau of legal information as it is a place for the preliminary adjustment of neighborly and domestic difficulties, and often apparently serious tangles are straightened out there without getting into court.

There are frequently scenes enacted and stories told that would touch the heart or the pocketbook of the casual observer, but they pass unheeded by the dispenser of legal documents. Custom has stated the never-varying tales of woe and pictures of distress and pathos is at a discount in the office. The stern realities of life brought daily before the clerk absorb his attention, and warrants are issued without regard to sex, color or previous condition of servitude.

Odd expressions and humorous incidents and sayings predominate over all other things unusual in the office, and the rushes of the clerk and the onlookers are frequently excited by the peculiar language in which some application is couched or the peculiar circumstances which brought about the desire for legal intereference.

One afternoon some time ago an old fellow rushed into the office and demanded a warrant for his wife. He excitedly narrated the events which culminated in his appearance there, and the clerk drew forth a blank form and prepared to make out the paper. The old chap's eyes grew bright at the prospect of having his wife visited with condign punishment by legal process, but the glitter vanished when the clerk turned round and asked:

FORGOT HER NAME.

"What is your wife's first name?".

Whether in his excitement he had forgotten it or whether he never knew it is uncertain, but it is a fact that he was compelled to go and ask a neighbor what the first name of his wife was before the blank could be filled in by the clerk.

A peculiar case occurred a short time ago in an assault case. An old pensioner had been brutally assaulted by the manager of a local charitable institution, and he applied for a warrant for his assailant's arrest. He could not tell the man's name, however, and the clerk told him that it would be necessary for him to find it out before the warrant could be issued. The old man started out, but just as he got to the door he drew back with the exclamation:

"Here he comes now."

"Well, you go in this room," said Mr. Washburn, "and we'll find out his name."

The old man seated himself and his late assailant entered. He had heard that the victim of his brutality intended to procure a warrant, and he wanted to fix matters. During his explanation the clerk said:

"Will you give me your full name, sir?"

It was innocently given, and a few days later the man was fined $20 in the police court.

A colored woman, from one of the alleys in the Southwest, applied once for a warrant for her husband for assaulting her. She was very vehement in her denunciation of the unwarranted brutality of her conjugal helpmate, and declared that he beat her without any provocation whatever.

"But there must have been some cause," said the clerk. "What did he hit you for?"

"Jes' for nothin'. I didn' go home las' night, an' he said I wuz out wid another man. De truf is I was sittin' up all night wid a lady frin' what has de nervous perspiration."

The warrant was issued.

WANTED TO KILL A MAN.

A big colored man, with indignation in his eye and a determined look in his face, entered the office one day and announced that he wanted a permit to carry a pistol. He was told that such a thing could not be granted, and then he modified his request by asking permission to kill a man. He explained that another fellow had succeeded in wooing from him the affections of his dusky spouse, and life would be a weary blank to him until his hated rival was wiped from the face of the earth.

"Well, I'm sorry for you, my friend," said Mr. Washburn, "but we're not dealing in papers of that kind."

"Well, what good is dis ma'iage license what I paid a dollar fur ef I can't kill de man what steals my wife?" he demanded.

The clerk was forced to admit the logic of his remark, but repeated his inability to aid him, and the forsaken husband went back to his troubles.

Applications for marriage licenses are so frequent as to receive only a passing notice. They are mostly from colored seekers after hymeneal bliss, and occasionally a runaway couple from the country steer up against the warrant clerk and have to be directed to the city hall.

A long time ago an old German entered the office and in barely intelligible English stated that he wanted a warrant for a man who kept a vicious dog, in order that he might be killed.

"Do you want the man killed?" asked the clerk.

"No, no; der tog. He bite my shildren und I vant him killed."

"Whose dog is it? What is the name of owner?".

"It vas mine own tog dot I vant killed."

"Well, go home and kill him," said the clerk. "You don't need any warrant for yourself," and the aged Teuton, very much mystified, but still satisfied, wandered forth, and the canine has probably long since been executed.

People wanting warrants for themselves, though, are very rare, and attract considerable attention when they do turn up. Several months ago a man entered and made such a request. His clothes were ragged and seedy, and the marks of dissipation were plainly visible in his haggard face. It was evident the he and delerium had been acquainted but a little while since.

WARRANT FOR HIMSELF.

"I want to get a warrant for myself," he said. "I get drunk, spend all my wife can earn, and when whisky gets the upper hand I beat her and the children and break up everything in the house. I'm not fit to be at large, and think I had better be locked up for a while.'"

"We can't give you a warrant for yourself," replied the clerk. "You will have to get somebody to complain against you before it can be issued.'"

The man departed, and as he never returned he is still spending his wife's earnings in extract of corn and breaking the legs of the kitchen table.

Warrants for noisy and boisterous chickens, and cats, and barking, biting and vicious dogs are everyday occurrences, and there are frequently amusing stories behind them. They are nearly always developed in court, however, and the clerk's office doesn't get the benefit of them.

Jealous wives and husbands, at whose vitals the green-eyed monster is gnawing, frequently make pilgrimages to the clerk's office to see if something cannot be done to bring their recreant better halves to order, and their wants are frequently amusing. A woman possessed of doubts of her husband's infidelity appeared at the office some time ago and tried to get them to adjudicate matters. Her mind ran on the financial side of the question, however, and she was mortally afraid that her husband was spending some of his money on other and perhaps fairer dames.

HER HUSBAND'S MONEY.

So she wanted the warrant clerk to issue an order of some sort that would compel her husband to turn over to her his salary each week, and she would dole it out to him in sums sufficient for his daily expenses and preserve the balance. She went away disappointed, however, the clerk explaining to her that it was out of his power to control her husband's income.

The most pathetic stories told over the counter of the office are those of abandonment and non-support of women who have the misfortune to be tied to worthless husbands. Frequently they enter the office leading a little child by the hand. The wan, pinched face, and generally starved appearance of the little one is enough in itself to tell her mission before she tells of a husband's neglect and final desertion. There is no law in the District by which such men can be punished, and the poor women are compelled to return to their life of toil and misery, still leading the little ones by the hand.

On the afternoon before the day set for the execution of Howard Schneider, the wife murderer, two negroes entered the office. They spied Mr. Washburn behind the counter at his desk, and one of them stepped up to the counter and laying a dollar thereon said, in a matter-of-fact way:

"Gimme two tickets fer de hangin'."

They were considerably surprised and crestfallen when they were told that with a big political pull they might be able to procure the required pasteboards from the warden of the jail.

The Evening Times gives all the news for a cent.

TOBACCO BLINDNESS.

Effects of Nicotine Upon the Nerves of the Eyes.

"Did you ever hear of tobacco blindness?" asked a doctor of a Los Angeles Herald reporter. "It is something we meet with quite frequently, yet not so much as one would suppose when the great consumption of tobacco is considered. Yet there are many who are on the threshold of tobacco blindness, who may or may not have an experience with the disease. For in tobacco poisoning, like that produced by other drugs, the system can resist the influence of the invader up to a certain point, when the smallest further dose of the poison will produce the same symptoms as the taking of a larger dose would. Thus in case of many people the mere smoking of a pipe or two more a day would produce in them all the advanced symptoms of tobacco poisoning. So it is that doctors make it imperative in such cases that the smoking habit must be dropped entirely. To smoke moderately will not do. You cannot afford to take the chances of giving the system that little bit more of nicotine which would cause the case to be serious.

"Tobacco blindness can, fortunately, be cured. With the smoking habit abolished, plenty of outdoor exercise, a nerve tonic, which would assist in the purification of the blood as well as toning up the general system, and the abstention from alcoholic beverages, there is no reason why tobacco blindness cannot be cured. Alcohol drank in any of its forms, is liable to produce tobacco blindness in a fairly heavy smoker.

"But the strangest part of it all is that a person does not have to smoke tobacco to become afflicted with tobacco blindness. In fact, one of the most obstinate cases I ever had was that of a waiter in a cafe. He was a non-smoker and a total abstainer, yet he came to me with tobacco blindness fully developed, caused by being compelled to work all day in the atmosphere of tobacco smoke, breathing the poisoned air polluted by thirty or forty smokers. It is a wonder why more of the disease does not develop when this is considered. But, fortunately, nature is more kind to us than we are to ourselves, so she gives us strength to throw off many evils to which we are carelessly exposed."

HAMILTON'S RISE AND FALL.

An Ex-Tout Blooms for a Season and Then Goes to Jail.

The passing of Oliver Hamilton, who now occupies a cell in Moyamensing prison, awaiting requisition from the governor of New York, furnished an interesting page for the criminal history of this city, says an exchange. The charge against Hamilton is that of robbing a citizen of Brooklyn of about $2,000 in money and jewelry.

Oliver first took his place in the sporting ranks of this city shortly after the race track at Gloucester was opened. He was a tout at all times, and never rose above that questionable dignity. He was a true waif of fortune, and when Hamilton won he dined well; when Hamilton lost he ate freely of whatever free lunch he could find. One day about six months after the track closed he disappeared, and like all characters of that kind, was forgotten in a day.

Two weeks ago Oliver reappeared as suddenly as he had disappeared. But the coming back was a royal event compared with the going away. Transformation was made complete by a clean shave and a hair cut and a fine suit of clothes. On his little finger a big diamond flashed welcome to another gem equally as large that nestled in his silken scarf. A cane and a fragrant Havana cigar made secure the appearance of prosperity. Oliver complacently assured all his friends that a rich uncle had died suddenly and a legacy of over a hundred thousand dollars was about to be spent.

This news traveled like wildfire and the friends of old flocked to Oliver's standard as one man. Big dinners, with plenty o fwine, were the order of the day. Such princely hospitality has not been known in Philadelphia since the days when "Coal Oil Johnny" drove tandem through the city, scattering gold right and left. The collapse came last Tuesday night, when Detective Murray, accompanied by a Brooklyn thief-catcher, tapped Hamilton on the shoulder and said: "Sorry, Oliver, old boy; but you're wanted for that Brooklyn job."

Mr. Hamilton, the prince, broke down and at once handed over all the money and jewelry in his possession, and now he's Oliver the tout, waiting for the legal machinery to start and grind him out a prison sentence.

WHAT A KITTEN CAN DO.

How a Little Fellow Stopped a Street Car in Baltimore.

One little kitten, about five inches in length, held in check one morning recently the down-town traffic over the City and Suburban Railroad, says th Baltimore Sun. A summer car stopped to take passengers, when the kitten, standing on the sidewalk, leisurely inspected the car, suddenly determined on a personal investigation of the inside workings of rapid transit. She ran out into the street immediately underneath the heavy battery of the car, and began clambering about the machinery. The conductor and several of the passengers saw her, and an effort was made to chase the kitten away. Canes and umbrellas were thrust under the car at her, and many emphatic commands to "shoo!" were given, but it was evident she was too new in the world to understand English.

The passengers enjoyed the joke at first, but when it seemed that the kitten did not intend to come out, those in a hurry to begin the day's toil became impatient, and the number of the rescuers augmented rapidly. More canes and more umbrellas were thrust at her, likewise more speeches of a wicked turn. But she remained undisturbed and curled up as if she liked things in general and meant to spend the day there. When at last it appeared to the hurried passengers and irate conductor that the only thing to do was to start the car and crush out the poor little kitten's life, she came to the conclusion that there are other pleasures in the world besides rapid transit, and walked out with the satisfied air of one who had completely set at rest the cravings of curiosity. Then the car proceeded.